

WIFE, CHILDREN, HOME AND FRIENDS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by CORA LINDEN.

Music by H.P. DANKS.

Glissicato.

VOIC.

PIANO.

'Tis
'Tis
A -

said, when man to till the ground, . The gate of E - den pass'd, . A
sweet to toil when trusting hearts . . Our hon - est love re - pay . . . With
- mid the round of vex-ing cares . . That come, for come they will, . . How

pi - ty-ing an-gel at his feet . . . Four gold - en bless-ings cast; And
smiles . . . that fill the hum-blest home . . With sun - shine day by day; . . . 'Tis
soon . . . the gen-ial air of home . . Each trou - bled thought can still; 8 It's

thro' that long, long waste of years, . . . To us their joy de - scends, Four
sweet to toil when fondest words At eve our com-ing wait And
deep af - fec - tion, tried and true Of bliss - ful mag - ic lends, Oh,

gifts that smooth life's rugg'd path, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home and Friends
lit - tle feet will gladly run To meet us at the gate
blest of all our treasures here, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home and Friends

CHORUS.

SOPR. To these we cling, and at their shrine . . . Each no - - bler feel - ing
ALTO. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no - bler feel - ing bends, Each
TENOR. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no - bler feel - ing bends, Each
BASS. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no - bler feel - ing bends, Each

PIANO

bends: For these we toil, for these we live, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home, and

nobler feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,

no-ble feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,

Children, Home, and

Friends.

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Friends.

Ending.